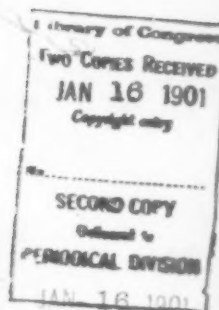




Puck



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



WILLING TO COMPROMISE.

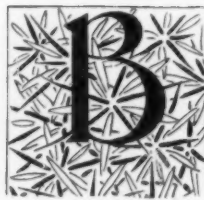
"Your Majesty," said the right-hand man of the native king, "there is a missionary working his way along the coast."

"Well, we don't want to have any trouble," said the king. "Ask him if his people won't be satisfied with a coaling station."

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THE CANDIDATE.



BEHOLD the day when on the lips
Of all His name you hear;
And loyal drinker swiftly tips
Adown the throat his beer.
When on the box His portrait trim
(The label "Ten cents straight");
And headlines bold remind of Him —
The kingly Candidate.

And babes of varied clime and hue,
Both he and she ones, bear
Him tribute high — tho' mighty few
He knows exist, I swear;
And restaurants, saloons, cafés
He adds to His estate,
While cats, dogs, goats, calves spread his
praise —
The kingly Candidate.

Should I be entered in the race —
My virtues sounded far,
And prized my title and my face
For baby and cigar —
I wonder would a certain maid
I know then want my name
Like all the rest — I'm sore afraid
If not, for naught my fame.
Edwin L. Sabin.

A LETTER.

BOSTON, January 5th, 1901.

DEAR PUCK: — I am a little boy only two years old. I have taken your paper ever since I could hold anything, and Mama always takes it away again because she says I will tear it. I want to tell you about our cat. We call her Thomess. We have trained her to wait on herself and on us and to do many amusing tricks. In the morning she goes down cellar and opens the furnace-door with her teeth and then throws the lumps of coal in one by one until the needful sufficiency has been supplied.



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A MEASURE OF DISTANCE.

FIRST ACTOR. — Bloomingville? I don't remember the place.
How far is it from Kansas City?
SECOND ACTOR. — About three days' walk.

Then she shuts the door and brings up a legful of wood, so that my Papa can light the fire in the library when he comes downstairs. Then she pulls a chair up to the table and waits for breakfast to be brought in, when she helps herself to milk and butters my Grandma's toast with her paws.

She is very fond of our canaries, and Mama gets a new one every week, as we like to hear them sing before supper.

The other night, when my Papa came home from the cars (he is a conductor on the Boston electrics and can read Homer in French), Thomess did a new trick. She brought him his slippers, as usual, and then she jumped on a shelf in the closet and gnawed the loop of his dressing-gown until it parted, and then she brought the gown to Papa and made French motions indicative of a desire on her part that Papa should don the gown, which he did.

The other day I found her looking at Plutarch's Lives, and I asked her if she was envious because Plutarch had so many and she had only nine, and she nodded her head.

She can play "America" with one paw and "God Save the Queen" with the other.

If you don't print this, Papa says that he will not buy your old sheet any more. Little sister Minerva, who is eighteen months old and preparing for Radcliff, says that the reason he calls it a sheet is because I want to lie on it.

Your little friend,

Charles Battell-Loomis
Beacon-Hill.



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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXXXVII. MR. CROKER'S HANDY MAN.

APPARENTLY.

"Some of these proceedings in China are a blot on Christian civilization!"

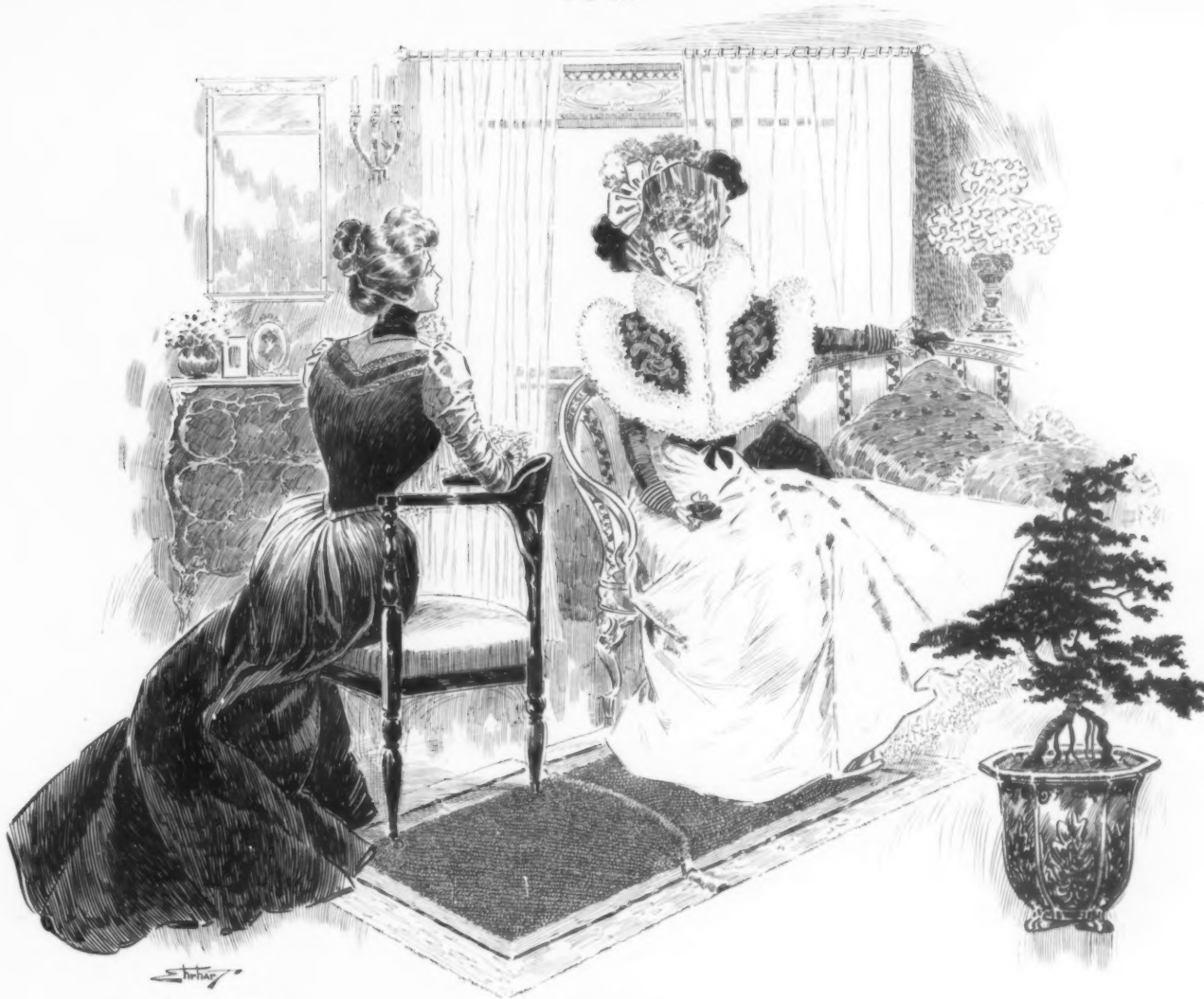
"Yes; and judging from the number of blots, the chief need of Christian civilization in China seems to be an ink-eraser."

UNLIKE THE BURGHERS.

"I see the British captured several thousand sheep."
"Well, there's no fight in the Boer sheep."

"ONE OF the blessings of peace," observed the Continental statesman, "is that it sometimes enables a Power to do some land-grabbing while her rivals are at war."

WE HAVE to thank Oom Paul, at any rate, for a perceptible decrease in the frequency with which we are told that "they do things so much better on the other side, don't you know."



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REASONABLE.

GLADYS.—But why do you encourage him if you don't love him?
BEATRICE.—Oh! Just to encourage him.

"YOU'RE IT!"

(The Local Manager consoles with the Traveling Manager.)



O; I CAN'T account fur it! Why, business has been simply great
Ever since the season opened! Not a single losin' date!
"Sapho" done a hundred dollars, an' they give a red-hot
show;
"Uncle Tom" with band an' jackass played, of course, to
S. R. O.;
An' the minstrel-boys took ninety. Then "Quo Vadis" come
along

With an old prop bull an' red fire, an' they caught on good an' strong;
Only one show 's been a loser, only one ain't made a hit;
Anyhow, it 's all a gamble! Well, you 've gambled, an'—
You're It!

Yes; the weather 's been ag'in you; it 's affected you, no doubt;
When it starts to rainin' pitchforks you can't git the folks here out—
Only all the onery deadheads—darn 'em!—they come, rain or shine!
Countin' lithographs, an' billboards, press, an' seat-sale fifty-nine;
Still, no one kin make the weather! Only it is kinder queer
All the others that I mentioned struck it when the skies was clear—
Showed in good the-ay-ter weather—did n't snow or rain a bit;
Anyhow, it 's all a gamble! Well, you 've gambled, an'—
You're It!

An' you can't git out of Podunk? Yes; I know it 's mighty tough;
But I can't do nothin' fur you—seems to me I 've done enough!
Hain't I filled my contract with you? Hain't I done as I agreed?
Given you the op'ry house, an' all the hands you said you 'd need?
I 'm out, too—fur 'most three dollars;—still, it ain't a-troublin' me;
What 's the use of any kickin'? None, as fur as I kin see.
All the other shows made money, none of 'em was served a writ;
Anyhow, it 's all a gamble! Well, you 've gambled, an'—
You're It!

Malcolm Douglas.

HIS SAGE WAY.

ASKINGTON.—How is it that
Jack Swift is so popular with the
ladies?

TELLER.—Oh! He has
a way of insinuating to
every girl that when he
is with her he is always
afraid he will say more
than he intends to.

THE RESCUE.

Just as Pictorial
Art was about to
sink for the third
time in the Sea of
Adversity an Object
caught her eye.

"It floats!" cried
Art, in great joy.

As the shrewd
reader will doubtless
have conjectured already,
the Object was a Cake of
Soap.

IF LIFE were but longer,
or art were shorter, or
more hair curled naturally!

SOME IMAGINATIVE
people in putting
two and two together al-
most always make more
than four.



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SHE PROTESTS.

THE FLATTERER.—I 'm afraid you 're a coquette!
MISS MONK.—Oh, g'wan! Every pretty girl is n't
a coquette!

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.



Old Detective sat thinking upon his life. He passed his days before him in procession.

"Yes," mused he, at last; "I have led a good life; I have nothing to regret. True, I have had to live, but so has a king. I can think of nothing in my career to merit the disapproval of conscience."

He sat erect in his chair.

"I have been a detective for forty years, and what is my record? What is my record as a man and

a human being?" There was a thrill in his voice, and his bold gaze seemed to challenge the judgment of censors. "Not one man has been by me bereft of liberty. No man can reproach me with a moment's abridgment of that equal freedom which belongs to all. Never have I been the means of committing one errant soul to prison — perhaps never again to strive for a noble life."

He turned his noble countenance in exultation, and the sun coming through the window fell upon him in a glory. "What a thought, that I have lived and had my being and never worked, and yet the glad sunshine and the blessed air of the open heavens have been denied to none! To think that the widest spaces of the earth to the *ultimis maris terraque oris*, even to the limits of extradition, have remained the home of freedom!

"Because of me no groups have been broken, no friends and trusty pals have been parted, no conspirators disunited.

"O thrice happy day! Never yet have I surprised or betrayed a secret of the human breast.

"How wonderful!" he mused, sinking back again into his chair; "how wonderful to the philosophic mind are the events of Nature, all of them, in their vast numbers, following truly, inevitably and sequaciously upon their causes!" He sat erect again, and his face mantled with pride. "Never have I precipitated myself into the arena of Nature to interfere with the logic and sequence of change and mutation. The good have been good, and the effects of their goodness will be their reward. The bad, the wicked and the criminal have acted out their natures, and their ill deeds will, through centuries, bring their punishment and work their correction.

"To-day the great laws of Nature, neither hastened nor delayed, neither curbed nor extended by me, are working out their rich fruition.

"I am happy, too," mused the old detective in a simpler vein, "to think that I have never interfered with any man's hopes or aims or enterprises. Were they high or low, good or bad, I have respected them. The poet says, 'The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley;' but I can truly say that no man's plan ever went a-gley through me, whether it was laid well or ill.

"Ah! I would not hesitate to have my conscience searched and examined. I would not shrink from the investigation of those sleuths most skillful and cunning to detect a wrong. Nay, I will investigate my conscience myself! I, old Operator No. 15, I will investigate my conscience! What has it hidden



AN UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE.

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SILAS.—How did Ezzy Marks come tew lose his farm?

JASON.—He thought his neighbor's fence wuz eneroachin' on his land, an' the very fust darn lawyer he spoke tew about it thought so, too.

away? What witness could it bear against me? I will make it a case and work upon it professionally in my best manner, — I, old Operator No. 15. This is my report:

"After being detailed on the case, I got on good terms with my conscience and played a game of cards. Saw nothing suspicious. Then had lunch and played a few games of cards. Got on good terms with my conscience, which is apparently very suspicious, and had a drink. Then had supper. Determined to draw my conscience, and while we played a game of cards I asked if it felt guilty. Was answered in the negative. Kept conscience steadily in sight till about 4 P. M. when, as I was making up my expense account, it slipped away.

EXPENSES.

Drinks	\$2.12
Cigars	1.14
Car-fare	2.12
Cab	2.34
Telephone	1.14
Meals	3.45
Miscellaneous and sundries	5.43
Blank cartridges20

(Signed)

OPERATOR No. 15.



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AT THE PLAY.

"I don't t'ink much of der feller vot 's in lofe mit der girl."

"But choost wait till you see how rich he gets in der negst ager!"

"My reports for succeeding days are of a like nature, with a few interesting variations in the arrangement of figures in the expense account. I have led a noble life, and troubled no one. How many other men of noble lives can say the same?"

VIRTUE IS its own reward; and yet some people feel like suing for back pay.

THE MAN who knows his limitations escapes the rude shock which usually comes to the man who does n't know he has any.



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WILLING TO LEARN.

MR. JOHNSING.—Am yo' sho' yo' kin suppolit mah daughtah in de style to which she hab been accustomed?

MR. WHITE.—Yes, sah; but oh cou'se we 'll hab to lib wif yo' fo' a yeah or so, til I git well acquainted wif de style yo' speak ob.



GOOD FEELINGS.

I DO NOT care how long I go
Without my bread and meat;
I like to very hungry grow—
It feels so good to eat!

When Summer 's at her very worst,
And withers berne and brink,
I like to get an awful thirst—
It feels so good to drink!

And through the days of toil and fret,
By labor hard oppress,
I do not mind how tired I get—
It feels so good to rest!

Joe Cone.

A GUARDIAN OF HOME INDUSTRIES.

"No," said the New York policeman, virtuously; "there is no gambling going on in this city!"

"Well! Well!" exclaimed the stranger, who was tiger-hunting.

"I suppose I'll have to go to New Jersey. "Where's the nearest ferry?"

"Well, old man," said the copper, softening somewhat; "seeing you 're bent on it, I suppose I might as well keep the money in the city. How big a game are you looking for?"

PRIVATION.

MRS. NEWRICHE.—I believe our next-door neighbors, on the right, are as poor as church mice, Hiram.

MR. NEWRICHE.—What makes you think so?

MRS. NEWRICHE.—Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players;—the daughter is taking lessons by hand!

THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

MRS. GABBLETON (*musingly*).—After all, one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

MRS. FLINT (*grimly*).—Never mind! That is not your fault, dear!

AS TO THE POET.

ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.—Does he write for publication?

ANOTHER.—Oh, no! Merely for circulation among the editors.

GENERALLY - THE CASE.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is an epigram?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—An epigram, my son, is usually a sarcastic way of saying something that is not so.



AN APPRECIATED CATASTROPHE.

"Durin' the performance of an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, one night last week," said the landlord of the tavern at Kohank, "the Obery House caught fire."

"Is that so?" inquired the patent-churn man. "What was the result?"

"Aw! It burnt to the ground, amid the heartfelt applause of all the prominent citizens present."

It is hard to tell whether the gourmand or the "nutritive value of food" crank is the biggest idiot.

MANY A MAN who is born to command fails because he tackles a regiment instead of a canal-boat.



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NOT ENTHUSIASTIC.

"No, sir; the junior partner is n't in."

"Well, I don't mind. You see, I shall have the privilege of calling again and seeing you."

"I'm sorry he's out, sir!"

A BALLADE OF COMPLAINT.



WHEN Phyllada and I were wed
We twain kept house in Arcady.
She was the queen o' hearts, they said,
And one and all they envied me;
Then life ran smooth and merrily,
But nowadays it jolts and rubs,
No more the queen o' hearts is she, —
She has become the queen o' clubs.

I mind me that before the dread
"Plain Living Club" launched its decree
On dainty fare we daily fed
Nor feared that it might disagree;
Those toothsome sweets no more I see,
I mourn those vanished syllabubs,
She has no time for cookery
Now she's become the queen o' clubs.

She pores o'er works I've never read
On science and theology;
The charm of Arcady is dead
Since they've "improved" each drooping tree
And dammed the brook that once ran free,
They've planted strange and foreign shrubs
Along the ways where wandered we
Ere she became the queen o' clubs.

L'ENVOI.

Progress, thy wheels, for all o' me,
May sink in mire above the hubs,
I'm bitterly opposed to thee
Since she's become the queen o' clubs.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.



BLASÉ.

CALLER.—If your doll is squeezed does she cry "Mama?"

LITTLE ELSIE.—Oh, no, she got over that; this is her second season out, you know.



A THEORY.

"In truth, I wot not what use these minstrels are."
"Why, perchance, Heaven sends them to make other folks
thankful they are better off."

HIS WELL-LAID PLAN.

"LOOK AT THIS, my dear," said Mr. Newrich to his wife,
displaying a fine case of jewels.
"Oh! You have bought them for me, have n't you?" she
exclaimed. "How sweet of you!"
"No, my love. I have bought them for my grand-
mother."
"Your grandmother?"
"Yes, dear."
"But she is a bed-ridden nonagenarian, and lives away off
somewhere in Ireland. She can't appreciate them."
"True, dear! And she need never know anything about
them."
"What on earth do you mean?"
"Simply this, dear: It is always advisable to have some
heirlooms in a family that makes any social pretensions. These
jewels now belong to my grandmother. When our daughter Ethel comes
out, in a year or two, she shall have them; and when it is understood that
they were once the gems of her great-grandmother just see the antiquity

which our family will develop, and all on account of my having a great
head."

And Mr. Newrich threw mental bouquets at himself with great
lavishness.

William Henry Siviter.

HUMAN NATURE.

"He was far too fat, and an awful bore!"
She often thought. While round *he* carried
Conviction of her lack of brains. Before
Long they were happily married.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

MR. MOKEBY.—I heah dat Miss Johnsing captured a fo'eign
nobleman.

MISS JEFFSON.—Dat's jus' what she did;—she done married
a cannibal king frum de Fiji Islands who wuz travelin' wif a side-show
tryin' to earn ernuff money to pay his debts.

POLITICS and the small boy are almost equally hard to keep clean.



MR. GOPHER TO MRS. MOUSE.

"Excuse me, Madam, but your corset string's come untied."



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, January 23, 1901. — No. 1246.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUR SHIPPING.

WITH A Republican majority in both houses of Congress, the blocking of the ship-subsidy bill may fairly be taken to show a new growth of caution in the Republican mind. Even if the supporters of the subsidy scheme saw all the good they claim to see in it, the better way has been chosen. For, of late years, hardly any measure by either party has been more generally condemned by both. Indeed, almost the ablest arguments against the bill have come from Republican sources, both in Congress and in the press. If a subsidy is the only salvation for American shipping, the people are as yet too obviously benighted to perceive it. They ask too many embarrassing questions touching the general principles of subsidies; and it is not easy to explain to the denser of them just why a ship-builder should be favored over a house-builder, — or a shoe-maker or a piano-tuner. The difficulty, furthermore, is increased by the numerous and cogent reasons why American ships should now be building in abundance without a subsidy; such as that steel is produced and wrought in this country more cheaply than in any other; that the skill of our mechanics is nowhere excelled; and that millions of idle native dollars are ready to combine these requisites of cheapness and excellence into a triumphant merchant marine. And if the difficulties of explanation are augmented by these reasons why American ships should be building, it takes no amazing subtlety to detect their further increase by the fact that American ships are building, and in just such numbers as might be expected. For confirmatory data the last report of the U. S. Commissioner of Navigation and current reports from American shipyards may be studied. It is not impossible that the Republican party has come to its years of discretion.

THE NEW BROOM.

THE FIRST message of Governor Odell has surprised his political enemies and confounded, we trust, many feeders at the public crib who had thought they were to be his friends. It is chiefly an appeal for economy: not novel in that, to be sure, but for its blunt wording and the circumstances under which it is rendered. It reads like the message of a Governor who had been swept in upon a reform wave to correct the long-standing abuses of an opposing party; whereas, this Governor was the choice of, and his message arraigns, by inference, the very party that has long been dominant in this State. He is a Republican official and the ills he promises to cure are largely of Republican origin. It is a phenomenon foreseen by few, and we violate no confidence in admitting that Senator Platt was not one of the number. Premising, always, its genuineness, — for observation of machine methods in this State has left us not too sanguine — it may be that New York has secured the kind of Governor it sorely needed. Additional testimony to this effect would be supplied by one of those prose pastels for which Senator Platt is famous, depicting the tangled emotions of an entirely good man in whose bosom an ungrateful viper has been warmed to life. Pending this, we may still hope. Governor Odell talks like a man who means what he says, and we are prepared to believe that he will act like one.

DEFECTIVE HUMOR.

FOR A HIDDEN reason the powers ordain that nothing may ever be so painful as something that was meant to be funny and is n't. We read the other day of one of our young officers in the Philippines who notified his sister in Boston that he had forwarded to her an uncommonly fascinating Christmas token. When the young woman expectantly opened the package and found the head of a native Filipino in an inferior state of preservation, her behavior was all that her witty brother had doubtless surmised it would be. Proof is lacking, but this mad wag probably imbibed his notions of what is funny during his course at West Point. Testimony before the committee investigating the death of Cadet Booz cordially invites this assumption. Of course this brand of humor is not confined to West Point. One of the drollest jokes a young medical student fancies he can perpetrate is to carry a human ear or a few fingers around with him, and present them in neat packages to nervous friends. A member of the same species likes to pull chairs from under people as they are sitting down, and has a mania for

fetching unsuspecting acquaintances' terrific slaps on the back by way of greeting. And then there is the comedian spared to us occasionally by the British metropolis, with his one hundred ways of "cutting up comically" by means of "trick" coats and hats and furniture. Also, our native vaudeville artists, Binks and Bunks, of whom Binks drives a gleaming hatchet into the "trick" skull of Bunks and then plays a siphon of sparkling seltzer over his hard-worked visage. Yet the soil of West Point appears to have afforded this particular plant of humor its finest flowering. Readers of the Booz testimony are naturally revolted by the brutalities practiced there under the name of hazing; but more incredible, more awful than their bare inhumanity, is the knowledge that they are believed by the cadets to be funny. Perhaps, indeed, they should not be censured for the cruelty at all, since as a whole they seem to be curiously lacking in the natural gentlemanly instincts with which they should have been born. One solemn squab by the name of Pegrim testified that he would consider no treatment brutal which did not permanently disable the victim. A cadet's arms might be humorously broken if it were not done in so mussy a way as to necessitate amputation. We heard some years ago of a gentleman who, it seems to us, would make a desirable instructor in humor at West Point. He had the mischance to be confined at that time in one of our large insane asylums, and came to our notice by the circumstance of his having arisen, early on the morning of one April 1st, and beheaded his keeper, a person for whom he had long cherished a warm regard. He artfully hid the head in a dark closet and was found chuckling joyously over the keeper's dismay at missing his head and his subsequent drolleries in searching for it. Here was a man with the true theory of humor, but with a slightly distorted perspective. We imagine he would be found willing to occupy a chair of humor at West Point, and we believe that his installation would, in one desirable way or another, speedily raise the average of genuine humor there. We commend the plan to the proper authorities.

IN LONDON.

"Yes," said the magazine editor; "we are trying to arrange a military symposium."

"Yes?"

"Yes; we hope to publish articles by several well-known generals, entitled 'How I Did n't Catch De Wet.'"

AN OPINION.

"I have no doubt both sides are sick of the war."

"Yes; but the Boers seem to be convalescing."



THE DOOR IS SHUT — AND IT WAS TIME!



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IN DIRE DISTR

PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

RE DISTRESS.

WITH THE IMMORTALS.



WHEN THE Young Authors' Club at its last meeting reached "Communications" the new President arose and said:

"Gentlemen, one of the objects of this Club is to keep its members in touch with the movements of modern literature and its greatest exponents. We have therefore subscribed to every weekly paper publishing a column headed 'Literary Leaves,' or 'Literary Lights and their Leanings,' or anything like that. But the persons who conduct these

columns appear to think that we wish especially to know whether a successful author parts his hair in the middle, or played hookey when young; and that when a man has sold his tenth edition we can not rest until we discover his choice for the national flower, and why he prefers patent leather pumps to congress gaiters. Gentlemen, I have taken it on myself to stop the Literary Chat, and hereafter we will keep in touch with the leaders in our profession by direct correspondence. Every month now I am writing to a few celebrities, informing each that this Club has unanimously voted to place his name in the first pink panel in the Club's new Hall of Fame; assuring him that his works are the crowning glory of the Nineteenth Century Literature, and asking him to tell us how he does it. A few of the many gratifying replies will be presented at each meeting of the Club. The Secretary will now read the two selected for this evening."

Thereupon the Secretary read the following:

KIPLING'S CUBBY-HOLE,
ROTTERDEAM,

December, 1900.

DEAR SIR:—It gives me pleasure to answer your question. My motto is, "Study life where it lives." Keep your eye on the oil-can until it oozes into song. Watch the grocer's boy until you forget that he snuffles and he will glow with beauty. There's a story in everything. You can't find it; but I can, if I am paid for it. When I want a story I count the spots on the parlor carpet, multiply by three and walk that number of steps down the street, with my eyes shut. When I stop I open my eyes and look over my left shoulder. The first person or thing I see is my subject. Yesterday it was a drug clerk. I pronounce it "clark." I went over and sat down in the shop until I got the smell of quinine and nuxvomica in my notebook. I talked to him of porous plasters, of soda-water. I bought bromo-seltzer and watched him wrap it up. It was tied with blue string. I followed him to his boarding-house and saw his landlady, and thus gripped the cankering secret of his life. Then I went home, borrowed a pharmacopeia and got out my atlas. The *Evening Squawk* had engaged a poem, so I made it a poem. It goes:

From where the turbid Ebro pours by placid Alagon,
Or Manan rides o'er Fundy's tides, this side of old St. John;
By gorge that drains the sullen plains of barren Novgorod,
Clear round by Johnson's Corners, and by panoplied Pequod;—
From Tarbat Ness on Moray Firth to Kanakoram stark—
By red and green that shine serene ye 'll know the druggist's clerk!

*Strawberry phosphate yours, Madam?
Lovely day for the park!
Strychnia, lithia, postage-stamps,
Or felt insoles to keep out damps,
Or the sozzling gush of the school-girl's slush—
All's one to the druggist's clerk!*

You will see at once that this material could just as easily be made into a tale. Keep an atlas and an open eye and a trades directory by you and you can do anything. A dictionary with the common words stricken

out will be found useful. This is all that occurs to me at present. My charge for prose is one dollar a word. This letter, including the address on the envelope, these closing sentences, and my signature, comes to \$448. If remitting by cheque, kindly attach revenue stamp.

Yours truly,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

P. S.—I forgot that I had included some poetry. My charge for poetry is two dollars a word. This makes the total \$543. I also usually charge extra for words in italics and for my autograph, but this may pass by way of discount to the trade.

R. K.

When the applause had died away the Secretary proceeded as follows:

3 FAITH COURT GARDENS, CHARITY SQ., LONDON, E. C.

MY DEAR SIR:—Now I can not be sure whether it was on Wednesday after dinner or on Tuesday before luncheon that your note came to me, but I recall that it gave me a great deal of pleasure, for I find that you agree with me, and yet you are commonplace, and very little that is commonplace agrees with me.

You have correctly analyzed the secret of my greatness. For there can be no doubt whatever that the important successes in literature have been obtained by the skillful treatment of the sequel. But Dumas and the author of the "Elsie Dinsmore" books made the mistake of keeping the same persons alive too long. One grew weary of them. People grow weary even of me!

The great secret is to kill off your hero at the end of the book; but always *plant another* in the same book! Plunge this new one into gloom and gore at the close, and the public simply insists upon another volume to deliver him, and your endless chain has begun. Your country has some beautiful literature in which this principle is recognized. I refer to the Old Sleuth Series.

The rest is a mere question of properties and costume. Your hero must, of course, be mediæval. He must be Bayard and Machiavelli in one, but must be also Cecil Rhodes and Kitchener; must be careful of the creases in his trousers, never be more than a block from a telephone, and be equipped with a seven-shooter and a high moral purpose. These will make him irresistible to hysterical ladies of royal birth. Uniforms and riding-boots are indispensable. I will be pleased to recommend my own tradespeople.

Castles, with all necessary dungeons and drawbridges, may be had ready-made in many parts of central Europe, and are easily reached by rail. Several that I have no further use for will be disposed of at moderate rates.

Please say to your Club members, sir, that by carefully following the above directions they may perhaps become almost as great as I am.

Your obedient servant,

ANTHONY HOPE.

A vote of thanks to the President having been passed amid cheers, the two distinguished correspondents were elected to membership in the Club; the treasurer directed to send bills for dues, and the Club proceeded to the topic of the evening, "Shall successful plays be novelized?"

IT ALSO GOETH.

THE PLUMP GOBLER (*surveing other disdainfully*).—
"Pride goeth before a fall."

THE PEACOCK. — Really?
And how about obesity?



GOOD ADVICE.

MISS FATTLEIGH.—He has offered to teach me how to skate.
MISS KNOWITT.—Better wait till after you are married, dear!



BITTER THOUGHT.

"Py Chiminy! I could n't run like dis for five tollars—undt here I haf to do it for nodings!"

THE ROMANCE OF A SEASON.

JULY.

SAW, and admired; was presented;
My fears that the place might prove dull
Took wing; I was wholly contented
To be with that maiden in mull.
We tramped over Equinox Mountain;
We idled, and flirted, and quaffed
Of the water from Equinox fountain;
And, after a fortnight, we golfed.

AUGUST.

We traversed the neighboring highways;
We fished (out of season) for trout;
We loitered in sweet, shaded byways —
A theme for the gossips, no doubt.
We hammocked and danced and piazza-ed,
And golfed!

Our talk ran to Bogey and hazard,
For we golfed!

SEPTEMBER.

We golfed!
We were out on the links before sun-up;
Forgetful of breakfast, we golfed;
By night we were thoroughly done up,
But we golfed!
We sneaked to the links, yes, on Sundays,
And golfed!
Unmindful of gossiping Grundys,
We golfed,
And golfed,
And golfed,
And golfed!

POST SCRIPTUM.

I wooed her in twosomes; we plighted
Our vows — 't was at tee number eight.
The wedding-day has n't been sighted —
The season is open so late;
But when there is nothing else doing,
We'll soon play the wedding match off;
Our vows we are meanwhile renewing
Till snowdrifts shall bar us from golf!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

AN IMPORTANT BATTLE.

THE GOVERNESS.—Why did the Normans and Saxons fight at Hastings?

LITTLE MISS UPTODATE.—To decide whose descendants should marry American heiresses.



MORE SO.

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HOBART.—Don't you think your description of Miss Gotrox's beauty is a trifle overdrawn?

RUPERT.—Well, no! You just ought to see my bank account!

OPPORTUNITIES GALORE.

NEPHEW.—Yes, Uncle, this is Nassau Street. It's badly crowded, especially at this time of day.

UNCLE REUB.—I gorry! Nevvy, but I begin ter think I'd kinder like ter live in New York. Why, a man could put in fifteen hours a day visitin' on the streets after he'd got acquainted with the people!

TEARLESS GRIEF is more profound; and, moreover, it does n't make the nose so red.



NOT POSITIVE.

FIRST BEAR.—Sure it's a man?

SECOND BEAR.—Well, it might be a New Woman. You can't tell what they'll be up to these days!

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Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Buffet Cocktails and Cordials

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over all competitors.

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

HAD TESTED HER.

BRIGGS.—That medium does n't know a thing when she's in a trance.
GRIGGS.—Oh! Yes, she does.
BRIGGS.—What makes you think so?
GRIGGS.—Because the other day I tried to steal away in the middle of one
—without paying.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHICAGO has finally made up her mind to face the census figures and look
pleasant.—*Washington Post.*

It sometimes seems that the acme of human comfort and convenience would
be a day without hours.—*Indianapolis News.*



HE HAD HEARD THEM ALL.

MRS. HENNYPECK (in the midst of her reading).—Here is an item which
says that there are more than two hundred and fifty thousand words in the
English language.

MR. HENNYPECK.—Yes, my dear; so I have heard!

There is no better dinner wine than *Cook's Im-*
perial Extra Dry Champagne. It helps digest your
food.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—exhila-
rates and invigorates. Stimulates energy and makes
work easy. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.

MORE REALISM.

"I saw Susie Binglewood making a study of that glorious sunset we had last
evening. I did n't know she painted."

"Yes; she belongs to Professor Dobb's class in realism. She was probably
getting a few color ideas for her next lesson. Each member of the class is to
submit a study of a scrambled egg."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PLEASANT SURPRISE.

"Yes; he's living in Kentucky now, and he says he's delighted."
"Huh! I can't imagine anybody being delighted over living in Kentucky."
"You don't understand. He means he's delighted that he's living."—
Catholic Standard and Times.

MIGHT FILL THE BILL.

LADY.—I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite.
DEALER (meditatively).—I guess you'd better get an iron one, Mum.—
New York Weekly.



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in 10 years becomes rich
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is 10 years old, pure from
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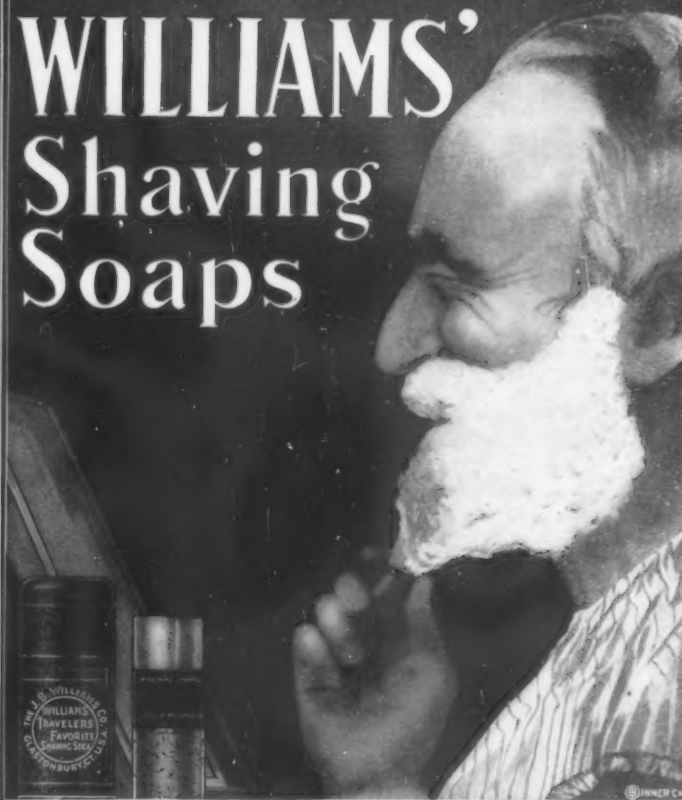
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Of course it is WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP—no other could produce such a mass of thick, creamy lather—no other soap so thoroughly softens the beard and makes shaving such a soothing, refreshing part of the morning toilet. Search the world over and you won't find the equal of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.

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Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cents. Exquisite also for toilet.

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EXERCISED.—I.

Dobson.—Popleigh does n't appear to enjoy being the father of twins.
Hobson.—He certainly appears to be much exercised over it.



HIS IDEAL.

"I think," said the prize-fighter who is going on the stage, "that I have done as much as anybody to elevate pugilism."

"But you never seem willing to stop the conversation and go to fighting."

"That's the point. I have developed the element of intellectual discourse. Pugilism will never reach my ideal until all this rough, knock-about work has made way for refined dialogue."—*Washington Star*.

THEY ALL ASK IT.

"Now that the election is over," said the man who had been disappointed by the result, "let us ask ourselves calmly: 'What is the question of the hour with the workingman?'"

"Usually," replied the observant citizen, "'it's: 'Say, is it twelve o'clock yet?'"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

THIS is the way a Georgia philosopher puts it: "Well, the Republican earthquake shook the house down, but, thank God! the land is left us!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"It is pretty hard to determine," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "which is the most dangerous, a woman's smile, or her first batch of biscuit."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE people who are in society continue to have their differences of opinion with those who think they are.—*Washington Post*.

Keeley

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Drug Using.**

Cure

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Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

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Throat Ease
and Breath
Perfume.

SEN-SEN

MADE IN U.S.A. 5c

A boy was walking by the river side;
A fisherman all out of bait he spied.
"Bub, any worms?" the fisherman uttered,
"Not since I R.I.P.A.N.S. took!" the boy replied.

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EXERCISED.—II.

(And poor Popleigh was very much exercised.)

Are you prepared to stand the severity of winter? Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters build up the system, vitalize the blood and prevent disease.

A BIBLE is of little value till it is the worse for wear.—Ram's Horn.

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COULD N'T HELP HERSELF.

CLARA.—How did you come to accept Mr. Saphead?

DORA.—I had to. He proposed to me in a canoe, and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset.—New York Weekly.

WHEN a woman becomes interested in church work she has a good deal to say about the separation of the gold from the dross.—Atchison Globe.

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PUCK.



A BETTER REASON.

BULLY.—Geel! Git onto Sammy cryin' becuz de teacher licked him dis mornin'!
SAMMY.—No, I ain't! It's becuz me Dad 'll lick me when he hears about it!

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